

The thunder, *Ilat*, is he who produces rain, and the rainbow, *cominiriat*, is his arm, *ne aaiye jāt*, which draws up water for "him". Long ago, according to a Dorobo myth, *Ilat* was a man, and one day a Dorobo met him standing on a rock on Tindirov Hill. And because the Dorobo thought him bad, for he brought mist which hid the sun and spoiled the hunting, he shot *Ilat* with a poisoned arrow, and so *Ilat* fled thundering to the sky, where he has been ever since. 776 [778]

Another Dorobo myth tells that once there lived on the earth some elephants and a Dorobo, and *Ilat* lived with them. One day the Dorobo was hungry and made poison from the *halis* bush*. In the night he stuck a poisoned arrow into one of the elephants, and in the morning it was dead. When *Ilat* saw it, he said: "Who has been killing my donkeys?" The Dorobo cut up the dead elephant and dried the meat, and thus had food for many months. When it was finished he killed another elephant in the same way, and again *Ilat* said: "Who is killing my donkeys?" Then the Dorobo said to him: "I killed them, because I was hungry". Then *Ilat* said to himself: "I am afraid. If I stay here, the Dorobo will kill me too". So he called out to *Asiata* to take him up to the sky, and he left the Dorobo with the elephants and went up to the sky. And to this day the Dorobo kill elephants with *halis* poison, like that man of old. 776 773

Besides *Asiata*, *Awam*, and *Ilat*, the other inhabitants of the Unseen World are the spirits, which are of two kinds, those of the dead, who are on the whole good, and other spirits, which have never been human and are evil. Both are called *owawili**, and this term includes the beings called *oik* by the Nandi, the spirits of the dead, and those called *wasambwani*, the evil spirits. Both these words are used by the Dorobo. One statement made about them was to the effect that *wasambwani* *lupat* *oik*, *alop* *lupat*, *lilav* *owawili*, "the *wasambwani* are not different from the *oik*, we call them both *owawili*", because though the *wasambwani* are always bad, the *oik* can at times be bad too. Nevertheless, the Dorobo draw a distinction between the two kinds, and refer to them as *oik* (the good) and *wasambwani** (the bad). 776 775

The spirits of the dead live in the *keri* *ap* *owawili* which is underground. "We haven't been there", said Arap Cepukru, "so we don't know anything about it". But the spirits are there, and they come thence from time to time to visit the living, not only in dreams to pregnant women, but actually into people's huts, to which they travel inside the bodies of snakes. When a snake comes into a hut at night, it is not killed, but some honey is offered to it with the words: *Ui, Awam, i oinadit*, "Go away, be-and-so, for 775 [726] [782]

* *Acanthaceae* (Schimper).

* It will be noticed that there is a similarity between this and the Nandi myth given by HOLLIS, Nandi, p. 111, and that the myths printed in JRAI 51, 1927, p. 545 and HOLLIS, Mami, p. 566 are of a similar pattern. In the latter, the man is a Dorobo. [77]

* The full form of this word is *owawili* (*owawili*, pl. *owawili* (*owawili*). It seems to be the same word as the *owawili* which MAMBI gives as the Kapsa word for both good and evil spirits (Cliff Dredger of Kapsa, 1927).

* This word, which the Dorobo have borrowed from the Nandi, has in turn been borrowed by the latter from the Nandi Kikuyu *owawili*, "spirit". [77]

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Maintenance of ritual relations with the spirits is effected by the recognized offerings made to them; and with 'nature', in which the food supply depends, by other means (see below).

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The World Order. In the myths related at the beginning of § 5, the thunder plays an important part, and is even portrayed as a man. One might almost assume from this that he was believed to be an earth-deifier who began a second life in the sky as the thunder-god who controls the rain, for the notions of rain, mist, and thunder are all interwoven, and the rainbow is "the arm of *Ili* that draws water for him". These myths reflect the Dorobo attitude of the people to their surroundings. One of the chief features of the forest is heavy rain and frequent mist, and it would be surprising if we did not find among them the conception of some sort of rain-bringer who brought mist. Again, since rain is plentiful and droughts rare, the rainmaker is not needed, and although the lowest known rainfall, 28 inches in 1933 at a place two miles from the edge of the forest (and probably a little higher in the forest), would indeed constitute a drought year elsewhere, in the absence of both crops and cattle an occasional low rainfall does not matter so long as there is enough to make the plants flower. Even a heavy rainfall of 70 inches or over does no more than cause temporary inconvenience when there are no crops to be damaged and the slopes prevent flooding. The Tindict forest is, in fact, an ideal place for hunters to live in. However prolonged the dry season, the conditions for wild life are better there than in the open plains below, and low rainfall has never yet prevented a supply of game to hunt or trap. Whether the people are able to kill enough game to ensure a supply of food is another matter, and the inter-relation is not so much that between man and nature in general, but between man and the animals. Man's wrong-doing is thought to produce either a failure of the supply of animals, or his inability to kill or catch what is there in abundance.

Social Values. Things which are important to man because they are indispensable to him have what is called a social value as well as a ritual value, because between man and them there is created a relationship which man must maintain if he is not to suffer. The food supply of a hunting people is got from day to day and depends on the skill of the hunter. It is uncertain, because on any given day the hunter may not find game, or having found it may not kill. But precarious as such a life might seem, there is no evidence that in the past there was often any great scarcity from either of these two causes. The old men say, in fact, that whereas food is scarce under present-day conditions, in the old days when hunting was not restricted it was, if not always abundant, at least enough. Such a statement is not, I think, merely an exaggerated memory of better days, the outcome of a longing to get back to the forest, but it explains in part the otherwise remarkable scarcity of hunting magic and ritual procedure. Some hunting magic there certainly was, and fear and ignorance prevent free talk about it; but it is clear that when the food supply throughout the country is found adequate,